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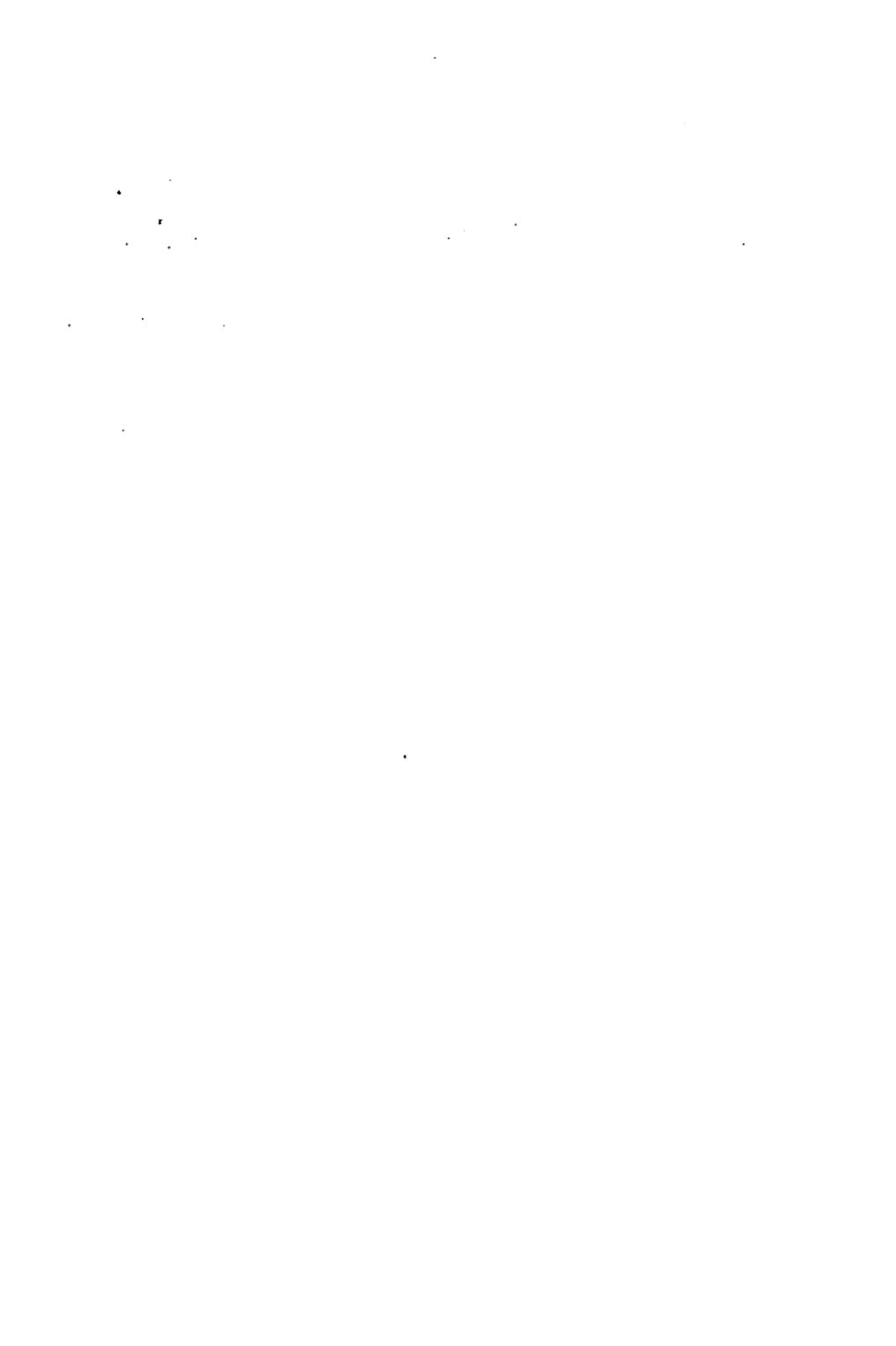
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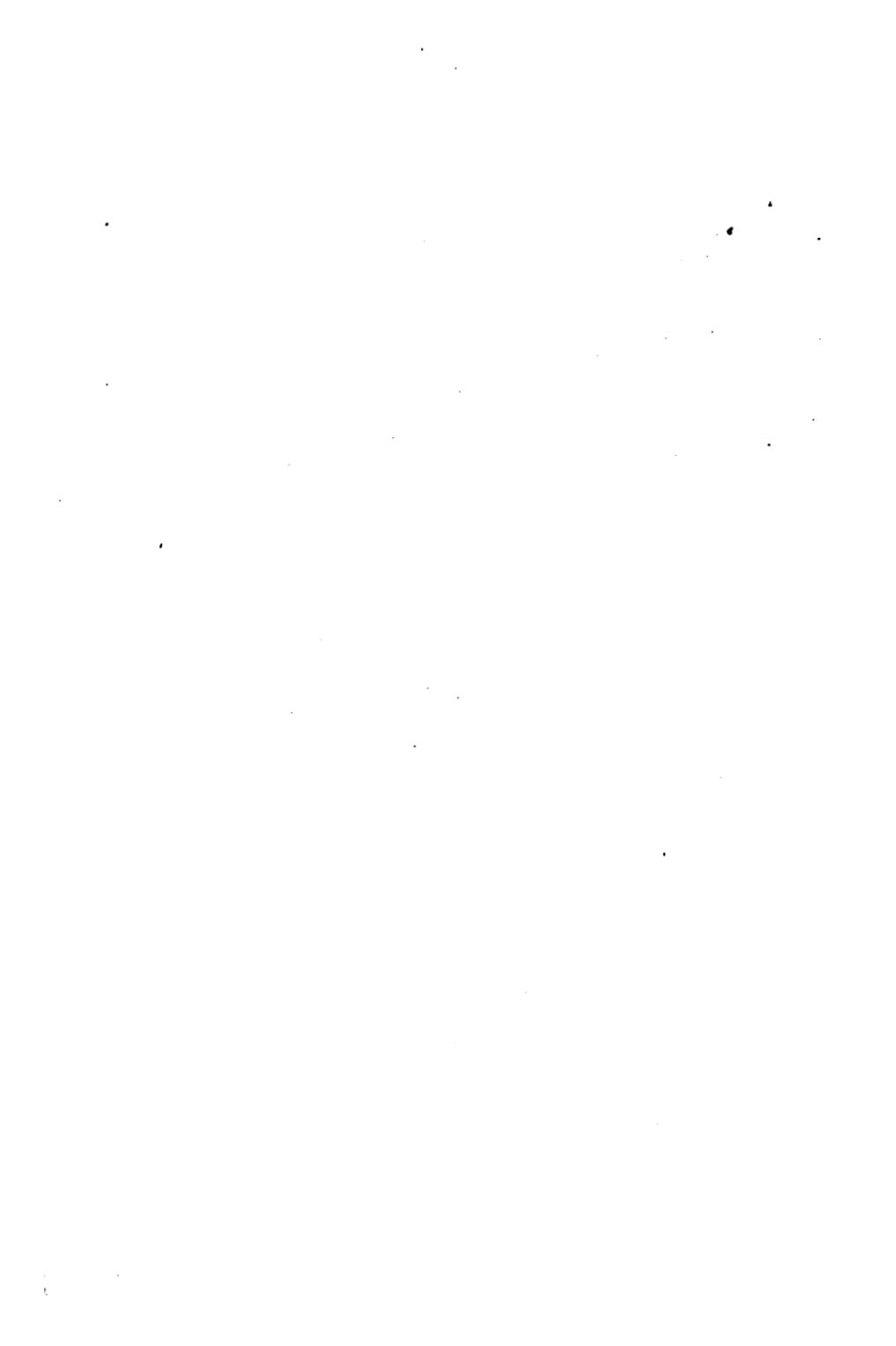
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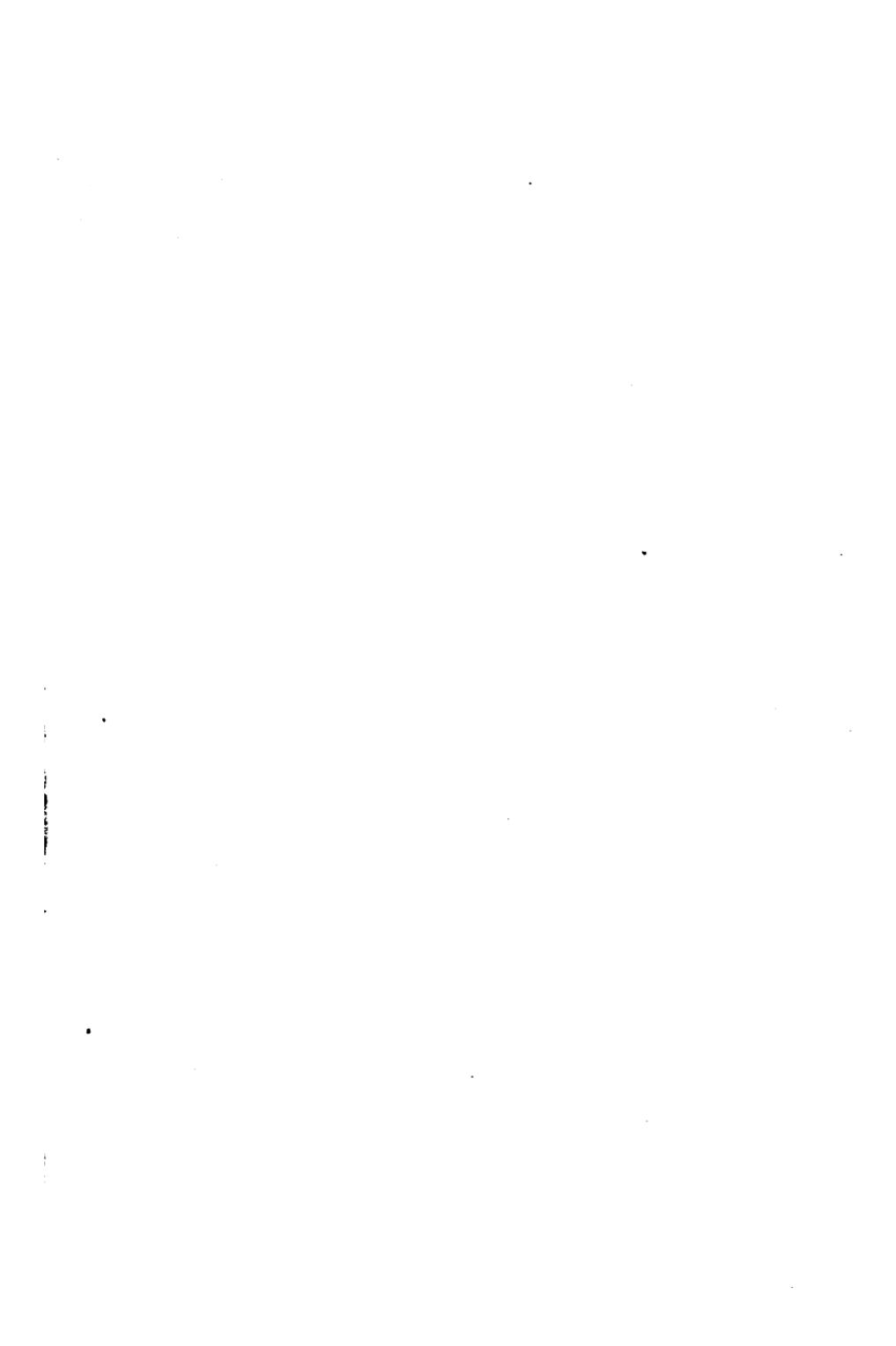
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FATHER TOM AND THE POPE.

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OR

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A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN.

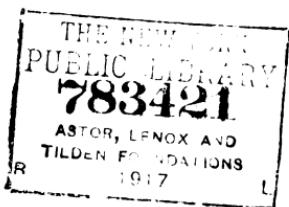
By ^{OC} Ferguson, Sir Samuel T



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PRÆFATIUNCULA.

PRÆFATIUNCULA.

“WHO was Mr. Michael Heffernan, who thus pleasantly chronicled the incidents of ‘A Night at the Vatican?’” “Ferguson of Dublin,” was the reply of Thackeray, when asked this question in Philadelphia in 1853. A similar return was given two years before to a query in Willis’s current notes, with the variation that Ferguson “was a Wexford man.” Popular opinion has identified Michael Heffernan with William Maginn, but Dr. Shelton MacKenzie, our grand referee in the *re literaria vexata*, ignores Maginn and substitutes another Irishman, John Fisher Murray, who was also a contributor to Blackwood’s Magazine. We may here be permitted to remark that the acknowledged writings of these men are not marked with the wit, humour, and learning, or the terse, racy expression

of the historiographer of this famous Vatican symposium. It has been said that the Rev. Francis Mahoney was not only the Oliver Yorke of Fraser, but also the Michael Hefernan of Blackwood. The internal evidence of style and the non-appearance of "Father Tom and the Pope" in the recent edition of Mahoney's collected writings militate against this disposition. If to others than to these five this production has been attributed, their names have not reached us.

We venture the opinion that Michael Heffernan was the pseudonym of an ecclesiastic, perhaps a Catholic, perhaps a Protestant, who, for reasons obvious to his readers, chose to maintain a strict incognito, and that this very remarkable book was his only literary effort. A man who has written well once will probably, but not always, write again. The three best monographs upon Shakspeare—that of Moggann, that of Farmer, and that of Edward, were, respectively, written by men who wrote nothing else.

In conclusion, we indulge the expectation that future editors of this rich morceau will regard ours as the *textus receptus*, it having been carefully collated with the later and with the *editio princeps*.

P.

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE;

OR,

A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN.

AS RELATED BY

MR. MICHAEL HEFFERNAN,

*Master of the National School at Tullymacaggart, in
the County of Leitrim, to a friend, during his
official visit to Dublin, for the purpose of studying
Political Economy, in the Spring of 1838.*



CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.

HOW FATHER TOM WENT TO TAKE POT-LUCK AT THE VATICAN.

WHEN his Riv'rence was in Room, ov coorse the Pope axed him to take pot look wid him. More be token, it was on a Friday; but, for all that, there was plenty ov mate; for the Pope gev himself an absolution from the fast on account ov the great company that was in it—at laste so I'm tould. How-andiver, there's no fast on the dhrink, any-how—glory be to God!—and so, as they wor sitting, afther dinner, taking their sup together, says the Pope, says he, “Thomaus”—for the Pope, you know, spakes that away, all as one as one ov uz—“Thomaus *a lanna*,” says he, “I'm tould you welt them English heretics out ov the face.”

"You may say that," says his Riv'rence to him again. "Be my sowl," says he, "if I put your Holiness undher the table, you won't be the first Pope I floored."

Well, his Holiness laughed like to split; for, you know, Pope was the great Prodesan that Father Tom put down upon Purgathory; and ov coarse they knewn all the ins and outs ov the conthravarsy at Room. "Faix, Thomaus," says he, smiling across the table at him mighty agreeable—"it's no lie what they tell me, that yourself is the pleasant man over the ddrop ov good liquor."

"Would you like to thry?" says his Riv'rence.

"Sure, and amn't I thrying all I can?" says the Pope. "Sorra betther bottle ov wine's betuxt this and Salamancha, nor's there fornenst you on the table; it's raal Lachrymal-chrystral, every spudh ov it."

"It's mortial could," says Father Tom.

"Well, man alive," says the Pope, "sure and here's the best ov good claret in the cut decanther."

"Not maning to make little ov the claret,

your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, "I would prefir some hot wather and sugar, wid a glass ov spirits through it, if convanient."

"Hand me over the bottle ov brandy," says the Pope to his head butler, "and fetch up the materi'l's," says he.

"Ah, then, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, mighty eager, "maybe you'd have a ddrop ov the native in your cellar? Sure it's all one throuble," says he, "and, troth, I dunna how it is, but brandy always plays the puck wid my inthrails."

"Pon my conscience, then," says the Pope, "it's very sorry I am, Misther Maguire," says he, "that it isn't in my power to plase you; for I'm sure and certain that there's not as much whisky in Room this blessed minit as 'ud blind the eye ov a midge."

"Well, in troth, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "I knewn there was no use in axing; only," says he, "I didn't know how else to exqueueze the liberty I tuck," says he, "ov bringing a small taste," says he, "ov the real stuff," says he, hauling out an imperil quart bottle out ov his coat-pocket;

"that never seen the face ov a gauger," says he, setting it down on the table fornenst the Pope: "and if you'll jist thry the full ov a thimble ov it, and it doesn't rise the cockles ov your Holiness's heart, why then, my name," says he, "isn't Tom Maguire!" and wid that he outs wid the cork.

Well, the Pope at first was going to get vexed at Father Tom for fetching dhrink thataway in his pocket, as if there wasn't lashins in the house: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I'd have you to comprehend the differ betuxt an invitation to dinner from the succissor ov Saint Pether, and from a common mayur ov a Prodesan squireen that maybe hasn't liquor enough in his cupboard to wet more nor his own heretical whistle. That may be the way wid them that you visit in Leithrim," says he, "and in Roscommon; and I'd let you know the differ in the prisint case," says he, "only that you're a champion ov the Church, and entitled to laniency. So," says he, "as the liquor's come, let it stay. And in troth I'm curis myself," says he, getting mighty soft

when he found the delightful smell of the *putteen*, "in invistigating the composition ov distilled liquors; it's a branch ov natural philosophy," says he, taking up the bottle, and putting it to his blessed nose. Ah! my dear, the very first snuff he got ov it, he cried out, the dear man, "Blessed Vargin, but it has the divine smell!" and crossed himself and the bottle half-a-dozen times running.

"Well, sure enough, it's the blessed liquor now," says his Riv'rence, "and so there can be no harm any way in mixing a dandy of punch; and," says he, stirring up the materi'l's wid his goolden muddler—for every-thing at the Pope's table, to the very schrew for drawing the corks, was ov vergin goold—"if I might make bould," says he, "to speake on so deep a subjiic afore your Holiness, I think it 'ud considherably facilitate the invistigation ov its chemisthry and pharmaceutics, if you'd jist thry the laste sup in life ov it inwardly."

"Well, then, suppose I do make the same expirment," says the Pope, in a much more condescinding way nor you'd have expected—

and wid that he mixes himself a real stiff facer.

“Now, your Holiness,” says Father Tom, “this bein’ the first time you ever dispinsed them chymicals,” says he, “I’ll just make bould to lay down one rule ov orthography,” says he, “for conwhounding them, *secundem mortem*.”

“What’s that?” says the Pope.

“Put in the sperits first,” says his Riv’rence, “and then put in the sugar; and remember, every dhrop ov wather you put in after that spoils the punch.”

“Glory be to God!” says the Pope, not minding a word Father Tom was saying. “Glory be to God!” says he, smacking his lips. “I never knewn what dhrink was afore,” says he. “It bates the Lachrymal-chrystral out ov the face!” says he—“it’s Necthar itself, it is, so it is!” says he, wiping his epistolical mouth wid the cuff ov his coat.

“Pon my secret honor,” says his Riv’rence, “I’m raally glad to see your Holiness set so much to your satisfaction; especially,” says

he, "as, for fear ov accidents, I tuck the liberty ov fetching the fellow ov that small vesshel," says he, "in my other coat-pocket. So devil a fear ov our running dhry till the but-end ov the evening, anyhow," says he.

"Dhraw your stool in to the fire, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "for faix," says he, "I'm bent on analyzing the metaphysics ov this phinomenon. Come, man alive, clear off," says he, "you're not dhrinking at all."

"Is it dhrink?" says his Riv'rence, "by Gorra, your Holiness," says he, "I'd dhrink wid you till the cows 'ud be coming home in the morning."

So wid that they tackled to, to the second fugee apiece, and fell into larned discourse. But it's time for me now to be off to the lec-thir at the Boord. Oh my sorra light upon you, Docther Whateley, wid your pilitical economy and your hydherastatics! What the *dioul* use has a poor hedge-masther like me wid sich deep larning as is only fit for the likes ov them two that I left over their second tumbler? Howandiver, wishing I was like them, in regard ov the sup ov

dhrink, anyhow, I must brake off my norra-
tion for the prisint; but when I see you
again, I'll tell you how Father Tom made a
hare ov the Pope that evening, both in theo-
logy and the cube root.

CHAPTER II.



CHAPTER II.

HOW FATHER TOM SACKED HIS HOLINESS IN THEOLOGY AND LOGIC.

WELL, the leethir's over, and I'm kilt out and out. My bitther curse upon the man that invinted the same Boord! I thought ons't I'd fadomed the say ov throuble; and that was when I got through fractions at ould Mat Kavanagh's school, in Firdramore —God be good to poor Mat's sowl, though he did deny the cause the day he suffered! but it's fluxions itself we're set to bottom now, sink or shwim! May I never die if my head isn't as throughother as anything wid their ordinals and cardinals—and, begob, it's all nothing to the econimy leethir that I have to go to at two o'clock. Howandiver,

I mustn't forget that we left his Riv'rence and his Holiness sitting fornenst one another in the parlor ov the Vatican, jist afther mix-ing their second tumbler.

When they had got well down into the same, they fell, as I was telling you, into larned discourse. "For, you see, the Pope was curious to find out whether Father Tom was the great theologinall that people said; and says he, "Mister Maguire," says he, "what answer do you make to the heretics when they quote them passidges agin thransubstantiation out ov the Fathers?" says he.

"Why," says his Riv'rence, "as there should be no sich passidges I make myself mighty aisy about them; but if you want to know how I dispose ov them," says he, "just repate one ov them, and I'll show you how to catacomphericate it in two shakes."

"Why, then," says the Pope, "myself disremimbers the particular passidges they al-lidge out ov them ould felleys," says he, "though sure enough they're more nume-rous nor edifying—so we'll jist suppose that a heretic was to find sich a saying as this in

Austin, 'Every sensible man knows that thransubstantiation is a lie,'—or this out ov Tertullian or Plutarch, 'The bishop ov Room is a common imposther,'—now tell me, could you answer him?"

"As easy as kiss," says his Riv'rence. "In the first, we're to understand that the expression, 'Every sinsible man,' signifies simply, 'Every man that judges by his nath'ral sinses;' and we all know that nobody folleying them seven deludhers could ever find out the mysthery that's in it, if somebody didn't come in to his assistance wid an eighth sinse, which is the only sinse to be depended on, being the sinse ov the Church. So that, regarding the first quota-tion which your Holiness has supposed, it makes clane for us, and tee-totally agin the heretics."

"That's the explanation, sure enough," says his Holiness; "and now what div you say to my being a common imposther?"

"Faix, I think," says his Riv'rence, "wid all submission to the betther judgment ov the learned father that your Holiness has

quoted, he'd have been a thrifie nearer the thruth, if he had said that the bishop ov Room is the grand imposther and top-sawyer in that line over us all."

"What do you mane?" says the Pope, getting quite red in the face.

"What would I mane," says his Riv'rence, as composed as a docther ov physic, "but that your Holiness is at the head ov all them —troth I had a'most forgot I wasn't a bishop myself," says he (the deludher was going to say, as the head ov all *uz*)—"that has the gift ov laying on hands. For sure," says he, "imposther and *imposithir* is all one, so you're only to undherstand *manuum*, and the job is done. Awouich!" says he, "if any heretic 'ud go for to cast up sich a passidge as that agin me, I'd soon give him a lesson in the p'lite art ov cutting a stick to welt his own back wid."

"'Pon my apostolical word," says the Pope, "you've cleared up them two pints in a most satisfachery manner."

"You see," says his Riv'rence—by this time they wor mixing their third tumbler—

"the writings of them Fathers is to be thrated wid great veneration; and it 'ud be the height ov presumption in any one to sit down to interpret them widout providing himself wid a genteel assortment ov the best figures ov rhetoric, sich as metonymy, hyperbol, cat-tychrasis, prolixis, mettylipsis, superbation, pollysyndeton, hustheronprotheron, proso-dypeia and the like, in ordher that he may never be at a loss for shuitable sintiments when he comes to their high-flown passidges. For unless we thrate them Fathers liberally to a handsome allowance ov thropes and figures, they'd set up heresy at ons't, so they would."

"It's thtrue for you," says the Pope; "the figures of spache is the pillars ov the Church."

"Bedad," says his Riv'rence, "I dunna what we'd do widout them at all."

"Which one do you prefir?" says the Pope; "that is," says he, "which figure ov spache do you find most usefulest when you're hard set?"

"Metaphour's very good," says his Riv'rence, "and so's metronymy — and I've

known prosodypeia stand to me at a pinch mighty well—but for a constancy, superbation's the figure for my money. Devil be in me,” says he, “but I’d prove black white as fast as a horse ‘ud throt wid only a good stick ov superbaton.”

“Faix,” says the Pope, wid a sly look, “you’d need to have it backed, I judge, wid a small taste ov assurance.”

“Well now, jist for that word,” says his Riv’rence, “I’ll prove it widout aither one or other. Black,” says he, “is one thing and white is another thing. You don’t contravene that? But everything is aither one thing or another thing; I defy the Apostle Paul to get over that dilemma. Well! If anything be one thing, well and good; but if it be another thing, then it’s plain it isn’t both things, and so can’t be two things—nobody can deny that. But what can’t be two things, must be one thing,—*Ergo*, whether it’s one thing or another thing it’s all one. But black is one thing and white is another thing,—*Ergo*, black and white is all one. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*”

"Stop a bit," says the Pope, "I can't altogether give in to your second minor—no—your second major," says he, and he stopped. "Faix, then," says he, getting confused, "I don't rightly remimber where it was exactly that I thought I seen the flaw in your premises. Howsomdiver," says he, "I don't deny that it's a good conclusion, and one that 'ud be ov materi'l service to the Church if it was dhrawn wid a little more distinctiveness."

"I'll make it as plain as the nose on your Holiness's face, by superbatoñ," says his Riv'rence. "My adversary says, black is not another colour, that is, white? Now that's jist a parallel passidge wid the one out ov Tartullian that me and Hayes smashed the heretics on in Clarendon Street, 'This is my body—that is, the figure ov my body.' That's a superbatoñ, and we showed that it oughtn't to be read that way at all, but this way, 'This figure ov my body *is* my body.' Jist so wid my adversary's proposition, it mustn't be undherstood the way it reads, by no manner ov manes; but it's to be taken

this way,—‘Black—that is, white, is not another colour,—green, if you like, or orange, by dad, for anything I care, for my case is proved. ‘Black,’ that is, ‘white,’ lave out the ‘that,’ by sinnalayphy, and you have the orthodox conclusion, ‘Black is white,’ or by convarsion, ‘White is black.’”

“It’s as clear as mud,” says the Pope.

“Begad,” says his Riv’rence, “I’m in great humour for disputin’ to-night. I wisht your Holiness was a heretic jist for two minutes,” says he, “till you’d see the flaking I’d give you!”

“Well then, for the fun o’ the thing, suppose me my namesake, if you like,” says the Pope, laughing, “though, by Jayminy,” says he, “he’s not one that I take much pride out ov.”

“Very good—devil a betther joke ever I had,” says his Riv’rence. “Come, then, Mis-ther Pope,” says he, “hould up that purty face ov yours, and answer me this question. Which ’ud be the biggest lie, if I said I seen a turkey-cock lying on the broad ov his back, and picking the stars out ov the sky,

or if I was to say that I seen a gandher in the same intherestin' posture, raycreating himself wid similar asthronomical experiments? Answer me that, you ould swaddler!" says he.

"How durst you call me a swaddler, sir?" says the Pope, forgetting, the dear man, the part that he was acting.

"Don't think for to bully me!" says his Riv'rence, "I always daa to speake the truth, and it's well known that you're nothin' but a swaddling ould sinner ov a saint," says he, never letting on to persave that his Holiness had forgot what they were agreed on.

"By all that's good," says the Pope, "I often hard ov the imperance ov you Irish afore," says he, "but I never expected to be called a saint in my own house either by Irishman or Hottentot. I'll till you what, Misther Maguire," says he, "if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you had betther be walking off wid yourself; for I beg lave to give you to undherstand, that it won't be for the good ov your health if

you call me by sich an outprobrious epithet again," says he.

"Oh, indeed! then things is come to a purty pass," says his Riv'rence (the dear funny soul that he ever was!) "when the likes ov you compares one ov the Maguires ov Tempo wid a wild Ingine! Why, man alive, the Maguires was kings ov Fermanagh three thousand years afore your grandfather, that was the first ov your breed that ever wore shoes and stockings" (I'm bound to say, in justice to the poor Prodesan, that this was all spoken by his Riv'rence, by way ov a figure ov spache), "was sint his Majesty's arrand to cultivate the friendship of Prince Lee Boo in Bottaney Bay! Oh, Bryan dear," says he, letting on to cry, "if you were alive to hear a *boddagh Sassenagh* like this casting up his countrhy to one ov the name ov Maguire!"

"In the name ov God," says the Pope, very solemniously, "what *is* the maning ov all this at all at all?" says he.

"Sure," says his Riv'rence, whispering to him across the table, "sure you know we're

acting a conthrvarsy, and you tuck the part ov the Prodesan champion. You wouldn't be angry wid me, I'm sure, for sarving out the heretic to the best ov my ability."

"Oh, begad, I had forgot," says the Pope, the good-natured ould crethur; "sure enough you were only taking your part, as a good Milesian Catholic ought, agin the heretic Sassenagh. Well," says he, "fire away now, and I'll put up wid as many conthrovarsial compliments as you plase to pay me."

"Well, then, answer me my question, you santimonious ould dandy," says his Riv'rence.

"In troth, then," says the Pope, "I dunna which 'ud be the biggest lie: to my mind," says he, "the one appears to be about as big a bounce as the other."

"Why, then, you poor simpleton," says his Riv'rence, "don't you persave that, for-bye the advantage the gandher 'ud have in the length ov his neck, it 'ud be next to on-possible for the turkey-cock lying thataway to see what he was about, by rason ov his djollars and other accouthrements hanging

back over his eyes? The one about as big a bounce as the other! Oh, you misfortunate crethur! if you had ever larned your A B C in theology, you'd have known that there's a differ betuxt them two lies so great, that, begad, I wouldn't wondher if it 'ud make a balance ov five years in purgathory to the sowl that 'ud be in it. Ay, and if it wasn't that the Church is too liberal entirely, so she is, it 'ud cost his heirs and succissors betther nor ten pounds to have him out as soon as the other. Get along, man, and take half-a-year at dogmatical theology: go and read your Dens, you poor dunce, you!"

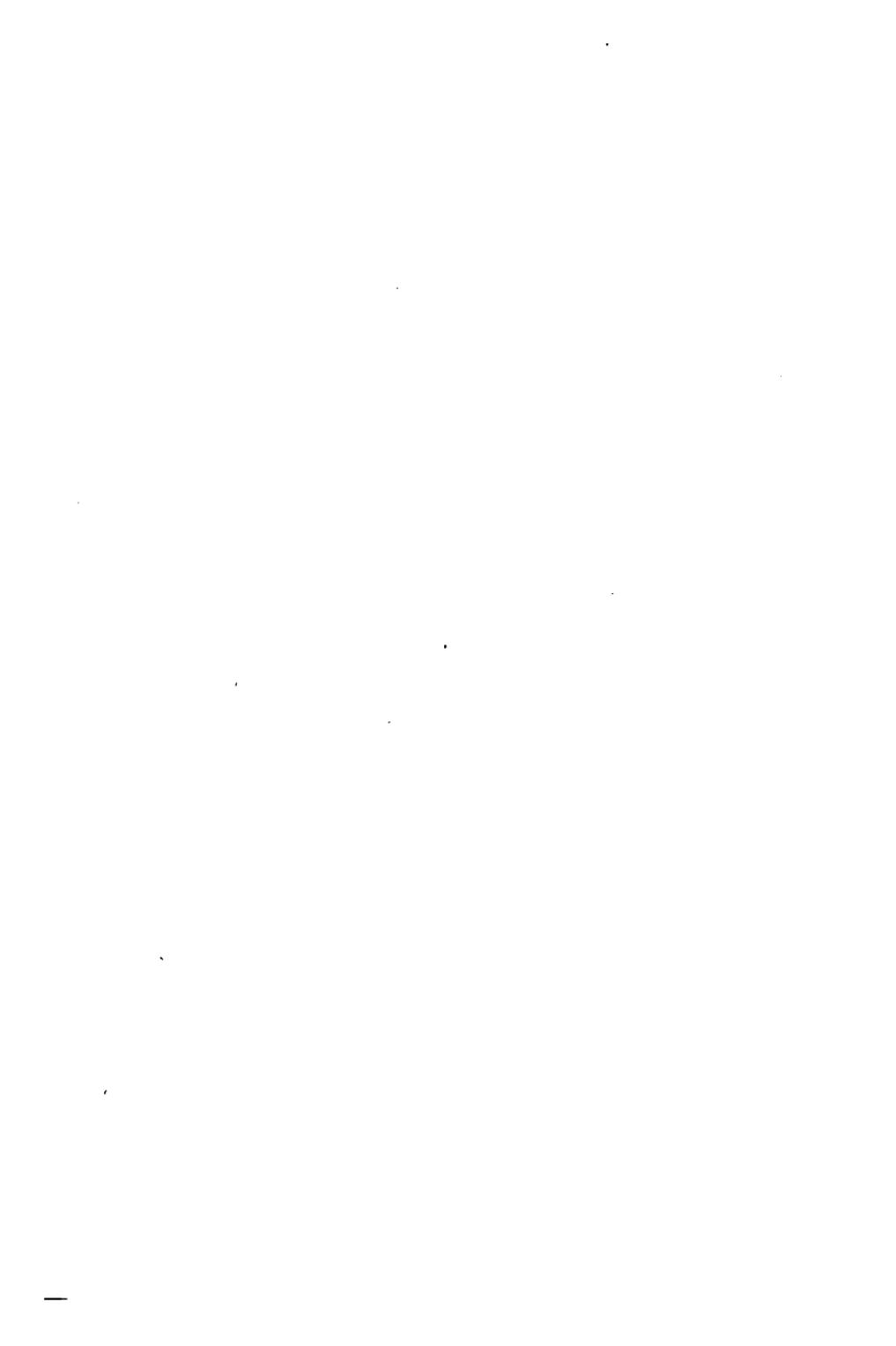
"Raaly," says the Pope, "you're making the heretic's shoes too hot to hould me. I wundher how the Prodesans can stand afore you at all."

"Don't think to delude me," says his Riv'rence, "don't think to back out ov your challenge now," says he, "but come to the scratch like a man, if you are a man, and answer me my question. What's the rason, now, that Julius Cæsar and the Vargin Mary was born upon the one day?—answer me

that, if you wouldn't be hissed off the platform!"

Well, my dear, the Pope couldn't answer it, and he had to acknowledge himself sacked. Then he axed his Riv'rence to tell him the rason himself; and Father Tom communicated it to him in Latin. But as that is a very deep question, I never hard what the answer was, except that I'm tould it was so mysterious, it made the Pope's hair stand on end.

But there's two o'clock, and I'll be late for the lechir.



CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

HOW FATHER TOM MADE A HARE OF HIS HOLINESS IN LATIN.

OH, Docther Whateley, Docther Whateley, I'm sure I'll never die another death if I don't die aither ov consumption or production! I ever and always thought that as tronomy was the hardest science that was till now—and it's no lie I'm telling you, the same astronomy is a tough enough morsel to brake a man's fast upon—and geolidgy is middling and hard too—and hydherastatics is no joke; but ov all the books ov science that ever was opened and shut, that book upon Pilitical Economy lifts the pins! Well, well, if they wait till they persuade me that taking a man's rints out ov the counthry,

and spinding them in forrain parts, isn't doing us out ov the same, they'll wait a long time in troth. But you're waiting, I see, to hear how his Riv'rence and his Holiness got on after finishing the disputation I was telling you ov. Well, you see, my dear, when the Pope found he couldn't hould a candle to Father Tom in theology and logic, he thought he'd take the shine out ov him in Latin anyhow, so says he, "Mister Maguire," says he, "I quite agree wid you that it's not lucky for us to be spaking on them deep subjects in sich langidges as the evil spirits is acquainted wid; and," says he, "I think it 'ud be no harm for us to spake from this out in Latin," says he, "for afraid the devil 'ud undherstand what we are saying."

"Not a hair I care," says Father Tom, "whether he undherstands what we're saying or not, as long as we keep off that last pint we wor discussing, and one or two others. Listners never heard good ov themselves," says he; "and if Belzhebub takes anything amiss that aither you or me says in regard ov himself or his faction, let him

stand forrid like a man, and, never fear, I'll give him his answer. Howandiver, if it's for a taste ov classic conversation you are, jist to put us in mind ov ould Cordarius," says he, "here's at you;" and wid that he lets fly at his Holiness wid his health in Latin.

"Vesthrae Sanctitatis salutem volo!" says he.

"Vesthrae Revirintiae salubritati bibo!" says the Pope to him again (faith, it's no joke, I tell you, to remimber sich a power ov larning). "Here's to you wid the same," says the Pope, in the raal Ciceronian. "Nunc poculum alterhum imple," says he.

"Cum omni jucunditate in vita," says his Riv'rence. "Cum summa concupiscentia et animositate," says he; as much as to say, "Wid all the veins ov my heart, I'll do that same;" and so wid that, they mixed their fourth gun apiece.

"Aqua vitæ vesthra sane est liquor admirabilis," says the Pope.

"Verum est pro te,—it's thtrue for you," says his Riv'rence, forgetting the idyim ov the Latin phraseology, in a manner.

"*Prava est tua Latinitas, domine,*" says the Pope, finding fault like wid his etymology.

"*Parva culpa mihi,*" "small blame to me, that is," says his Riv'rence; "*nam multum labore in partibus interioribus,*" says he—the dear man! that never was at a loss for an excuse!

"*Quid tibi incommodi?*" says the Pope, axing him what ailed him.

"*Habesne id quod Anglicè vocamus, a looking-glass,*" says his Riv'rence.

"*Immo, habeo speculum splendidissimum subther operculum pyxidis hujus starnutatoriæ,*" says the Pope, pulling out a beautiful goold snuff-box, wid a looking-glass in undher the lid; "*Subther operculum pyxidis hujus starnutatorii — no — starnutatoriæ — quam dono accepi ab Archi-duce Austhriaco siptuagisima prætheritæ,*" says he; as much as to say that he got the box in a prisint from the Queen ov Spain last Lint, if I rightly remimber.

Well, Father Tom laughed like to burst. At last, says he, "*Pather Sancte,*" says he,

"sub errore jaces. 'Looking-glass' apud nos habet significationem quamdam peculiarem ex tempore diei dependentem"—there was a string ov accusatives for yez!—"nam mane speculum sonat," says he, "post prandium vero mat—mat—mat"—sorra be in me but I disremimber the classic appellation ov the same article. Howandiver, his Riv'rence went on explaining himself in such a way as no scholar could mistake. "Vesica mea," says he, "ab illo ultimo eversore distenditur, donec similis est rumpere. Verbis apertis," says he, "Vesthræ Sanctitatis præsentia salvata, aquam facere valde desidhero."

"Ho, ho, ho!" says the Pope, grabbing up his box; "si inquinavisses meam pyxidem, excimnicari debuisses. Hillo, Anthony," says he to his head butler, "fetch Misther Maquire a ——"

"You spoke first!" says his Riv'rence, jumping off his sate: "You spoke first in the vernacular. I take Misther Anthony to witness," says he.

"What else would you have me to do?"

says the Pope, quite dogged like to see himself bate thataway at his own waypons. "Sure," says he, "Anthony wouldn't undherstand a B from a bull's foot, if I spoke to him any other way."

"Well, then," says his Riv'rence, "in considheration ov the needcessity," says he, "I'll let you off for this time; but mind, now, afther I say *præstro*, the first ov us that spakes a word ov English is the hare—*præstro!*"

Neither ov them spoke for near a minit, considhering wid themselves how they wor to begin sich a great thrial ov shkill. At last, says the Pope—the blessed man! only think how 'cute it was ov him!—"Domine Maguire," says he, "valde desidhero, certiorum fieri de significatione istius verbi *eversor* quo jam jam usus es"—(well, surely I am the boy for the Latin!)

"*Eversor*, id est cyathus," says his Riv'rence, "nam apud nos *tumbieri*, seu *eversores*, dicti sunt ab evertendo ceremoniam inter amicos; non, ut Temperantiaæ Societatis frigidis fautoribus placet, ab evertendis

ipsis potatoribus." (It's not every masther undher the Boord, I tell you, could carry sich a car-load ov the dead langidges.) "In agro vero Louthiano et Midensi," says he, "nomine gaudent quodam secundum linguam Anglicanam significante bombardam seu tormentum; quia ex eis tanquam ex telis jaculatoriis liquorem faucibus immittere solent. Etiam inter haereticos illos melanostomos" (that was a touch of Greek). "Presbyterianos Septentrionales, qui sunt terribiles potatores, Cyathi dicti sunt *faceres*, et dimidium Cyathi *haef-a-glessus*. Dimidium Cyathi verò apud Metropolitanos Hibernicos dicitur *dandy*."—

"En verbum Anglicanum!" says the Pope, clapping his hands,—"leporum te fecisti;" as much as to say that he had made a hare ov himself.

"*Dandæus, dandæus, verbum erat*," says his Riv'rence—oh, the dear man, but it's himself that was handy ever and always at getting out ov a hobble—"dandæus verbum erat," says he, "quod dicturus eram, cum me intherpillavisti."

"Ast ego dico," says the Pope, very sharp, "quod verbum erat *dandy*."

"Per tibicinem qui coram Mose modulatus est," says his Riv'rence, "id flagellat mundum! · *Dandæus* dixi, et tu dicis *dandy*; ergo tu es lepus, non ego—Ah, ha! Saccavi vestram Sanctitatem!"

"Mendacium est!" says the Pope, quite forgetting himself, he was so mad at being sacked before the sarvints.

Well, if it hadn't been that his Holiness was in it, Father Tom 'ud have given him the contints ov his tumbler betuxt the two eyes, for calling him a liar; and, in troth, it's very well it was in Latin the offince was conveyed, for, if it had been in the vernacular, there's no saying what 'ud ha' been the consequence. His Riv'rence was mighty angry anyhow.—"Tu senex lathro," says he, "quomodo audes me mendacem *prædicare*?"

"Et tu, sacrilege nebulo," says the Pope, "quomodo audacitatem habeas, me Dei in terris vicarium, lathronem conviciari?"

"Interroga circumcirca," says his Riv'rence.

“Abi ex ædibus meis,” says the Pope.

“Abi tu in malem crucem,” says his Riv'rence.

“Excommunicabo te,” says the Pope.

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“Oscula meum pod,”—says his Riv'rence—but, my dear, afore he could finish what he was going to say, the Pope broke out into the vernacular, “Get out o’ my house, you reprobate!” says he, in sich a rage that he could contain himself widin the Latin no longer.

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that the Pope was very vexed. "Sure, God forbid that I'd say anything agin your Holiness, barring it was in fun: for aren't you the father ov the faithful, and the thtrue vicar ov God upon earth? And amn't I ready to go down on my two knees this blessed minit and beg your apostolical pardon for every word that I said to your displasement?"

"Are you in arnest that it is in fun you wor?" says the Pope.

"May I never die if I amn't," says his Riv'rence. "It was all to provoke your Holiness to commit a brache ov the Latin that I tuck the small liberties I did," says he.

"I'd have you to take care," says the Pope, "how you take sich small liberties again, or maybe you'll provoke me to commit a brache ov the pace."

"Well, and if I did," says his Riv'rence, "I know a sartan preparation ov chymicals that's very good for curing a brache either in Latinity or frindship."

"What's that?" says the Pope, quite mollified, and sitting down again at the table that he had ris from in the first pluff ov his

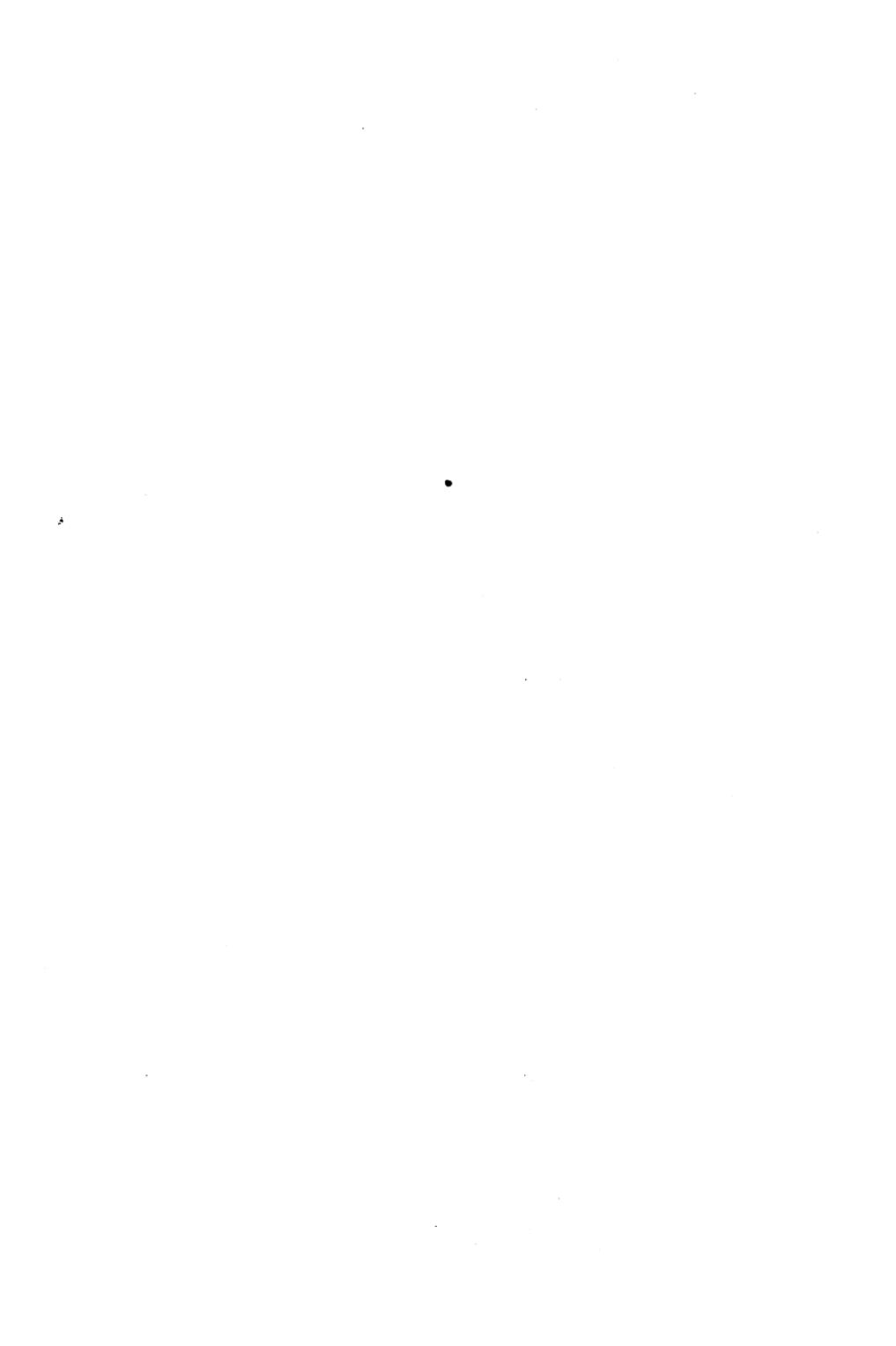
indignation. "What's that?" says he, "for 'pon my epistolical 'davy, I think it 'udn't be aisy to bate this miraclous mixthir that we've been thrying to anilize this two hours back," says he, taking a mighty scientifical swig out ov the bottom ov his tumbler.

"It's good for a beginning," says his Riv'rence; "it lays a very nate foundation for more sarious operation: but we're now arrived at a pariod of the evening when it's time to proceed wid our shuperstructhure by compass and square, like free and excipted masons as we both are."

My time's up for the present; but I'll tell you the rest in the evening at home.



CHAPTER IV.



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HOW FATHER TOM AND HIS HOLINESS DIS- PUTED IN METAPHYSICS AND ALGEBRA.

God be wid the time when I went to the classical seminary ov Firdramore! when I'd bring my sod o' turf undher my arm, and sit down on my shnug boss o' straw, wid my back to the masther, and my shins to the fire, and score my sum in Dives's denominations or the double rule o' three, or play fox-and-geese wid purty Jane Cruise that sat next me, as plisantly as the day was long, widout any one so much as saying, "Mikey Heffernan, what's that you're about?"—for ever since I was in the one lodge wid poor ould Mat I had my own way in his school as free as ever I had in my mother's shebeen.

God be wid them days, I say again, for it's althered times wid me, I judge, since I got undher Carlisle and Whateley. Sich sstrictness! sich ordher! sich dhrilling, and lechthring, and tuthoring as they do get on wid! I wisht to gracious the one-half ov their rules and rigilations was sunk in the say. And they're getting so sstrict, too, about having fair play for the heretic childer! We've to have no more schools in the chapels, nor masses in the schools. Oh, by this and by that it'll never do at all! The ould plan was twenty times betther; and, for my own part, if it wasn't that the clargy supports them in a manner, and the grant's a thing not easily done widout these hard times, I'd see if I couldn't get a sheltered spot nigh-hand the chapel, and set up again on the good ould principle: and faix, I think our Metropolitan 'ud stand to me, for I know that his Grace's motto was ever and always, that "Ignorance is the thrue mother ov piety."

But I'm running away from my narration entirely, so I am. "You'll please to ordher

up the housekeeper, then," says Father Tom to the Pope, "wid a pint ov sweet milk in a skillet, and the bulk ov her fist ov butther, along wid a dust ov soft sugar in a saucer, and I'll show you the way ov producing a decoction that, I'll be bound, will hunt the thirst out ov every nook and corner in your Holiness's blessed carcidge."

The Pope ordhered up the ingredients, and they were brought in by the head butler.

"That'll not do at all," says his Riv'rence, "the ingredients won't combine in due proportion unless ye do as I bid yez. Send up the housekeeper," says he, "for a faymale hand is ondispinsably necessary to produce the adaptation ov the particles, and the concurrence ov the corpusc'les, widout which you might boil till morning, and never fetch the cruds off ov it."

Well, the Pope whispered to his head butler, and by-and-by up there comes an ould faggot ov a *Caillean*, that was enough to frighten a horse from his oats.

"Don't thry for to desave me," says his Riv'rence, "for it's no use, I tell yez. Send

up the housekeeper, I bid yez: I seen her presarving gooseberries in the panthry as I came up: she has eyes as black as a sloe," says he, "and cheeks like the rose in June; and sorra taste ov this celestial mixthir shall crass the lips ov man or mortial this blessed night till she stirs the same up wid her own delicate little finger."

"Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "it's very unproper ov you to spake that way ov my housekeeper: I won't allow it, sir."

"Honour bright, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, laying his hand on his heart.

"Oh, by this and by that, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "I'll have none of your insinivations; I don't care who sees my whole household," says he; "I don't care if all the faymales undher my roof was paraded down the High Street ov Room," says he.

"Oh, it's plain to be seen how little you care who sees them," says his Riv'rence. "You'reafeared, now, if I was to see your housekeeper, that I'd say she was too handsome."

"No, I'm not!" says the Pope; "I don't care who sees her," says he. "Anthony," says he to the head butler, "bid Eliza throw her apron over her head, and come up here." Wasn't that stout in the blessed man? Well, my dear, up she came, stepping like a three-year-old, and blushing like the brake o' day: for though her apron was thrown over her head as she came forrid, till you could barely see the tip ov her chin—more be token there was a lovely dimple in it, as I've been tould—yet she let it shlip a bit to one side, by chance like, jist as she got fornenst the fire, and if she wouldn't have given his Riv'rence a shot if he hadn't been a priest, it's no matther.

"Now, my dear," says he, "you must take that skillet, and hould it over the fire, till the milk comes to a blood-hate; and the way you'll know that will be by stirring it ons't or twice wid the little finger ov your right hand, afore you put in the butther: not that I misdoubt," says he, "but that the same finger's fairer nor the whitest milk that ever came from the tit."

"None of your deludhering talk to the young woman, sir," says the Pope, mighty stern. "Stir the posset as he bids you, Eliza, and then be off wid yourself," says he.

"I beg your Holiness's pardon ten thousand times," says his Riv'rence; "I'm sure I meant nothing onproper; I hope I'm uncapable ov any sich dirilection ov my duty," says he. "But, merciful Saver!" he cried out, jumping up on a suddent, "look behind you, your Holiness—I'm blest but the room's on fire!"

Sure enough the candle fell down that minit, and was near setting fire to the windy-curtains, and there was some bustle, as you may suppose, getting things put to rights. And now I have to tell you ov a raaly onpleasant occurrence. If I was a Prodesan that was in it, I'd say that while the Pope's back was turned, Father Tom made free wid the two lips ov Miss Eliza; but, upon my conscience, I believe it was a mere mistake that his Holiness fell into on account ov his being an ould man, and not having aither his eyesight or his hearing very parfect. At

any rate it can't be denied but that he had a strhong imprission that sich was the case; for he wheeled about as quick as thought, jist as his Riv'rence was sitting down, and charged him wid the offince plain and plump. "Is it kissing my housekeeper before my face you are, you villain?" says he. "Go down out o' this," says he to Miss Eliza; "and do you be packing off wid you," he says to Father Tom, "for it's not safe, so it isn't, to have the likes ov you in a house where there's temptation in your way."

"Is it me?" says his Riv'rence; "why, what would your Holiness be at, at all? Sure I wasn't doing no sich thing."

"Would you have me doubt the evidence ov my sinses?" says the Pope; "would you have me doubt the testimony ov my eyes and ears?" says he.

"Indeed I would so," says his Riv'rence, "if they pretend to have informed your Holiness ov any sich foolishness."

"Why," says the Pope, "I seen you afther kissing Eliza as plain as I see the nose on your face; I heard the smack you gave her as plain as ever I heard thundher."

"And how do you know whether you see the nose on my face or not?" says his Riv'rence; "and how do you know whether what you thought was thundher, was thundher at all? Them operations of the sinses," says he, "comprises only particular corporal emotions, connected wid sartain confused perceptions called sinsations, and isn't to be depended upon at all. If we were to follow them blind guides, we might jist as well turn heretics at ons't. 'Pon my secret word, your Holiness, it's naither charitable nor orthodox ov you to set up the testimony ov your eyes and ears agin the charachter ov a clergyman. And now, see how aisy it is to explain all them phenomena that perplexed you. I ris and went over beside the young woman because the skillet was boiling over, to help her to save the dhrift ov liquor that was in it; and as for the noise you heard, my dear man, it was neither more nor less nor myself dhrrawing the cork out ov this blissid bottle."

"Don't offer to thrape that upon me!" says the Pope; "here's the cork in the bottle still, as tight as a wedge."

"I beg your pardon," says his Riv'rence, "that's not the cork at all," says he; "I dhrew the cork a good two minits ago, and it's very purtily spitted on the end ov this blessed cork-sherew at this prisint moment; howandiver you can't see it, because it's only it's raal prisence that's in it. But that appearance that you call a cork," says he, "is nothing but the outward spacies and external qualities ov the cortical nathur. Them's nothing but the accidents ov the cork that you're looking at and handling; but, as I tould you afore, the real cork's dhrew, and is here prisint on the end ov this nate little instrhument, and it was the noise I made in dhrawing it, and nothing else, that you mistook for the sound ov the *pogue*."

You know there was no conthravening what he said; and the Pope couldn't openly deny it. Howandiver he thried to pick a hole in it this way. "Granting," says he, "that there is the differ you say betwixt the reality ov the cork and them cortical accidents, and that it's quite possible, as you allidge, that the thrue cork is really prisint

on the end ov the schrew, while the accidents keep the mouth ov the bottle stopped —still,” says he, “I can’t undherstand, though willing to acquit you, how the dhrawing ov the real cork, that’s onpalpable and widout accidents, could produce the accident ov that sinsible explosion I heard jist now.”

“All I can say,” says his Riv’rence, “is, that I’m sinsible it was a real accident, anyhow.”

“Ay,” says the Pope, “the kiss you gev Eliza, you mane.”

“No,” says his Riv’rence, “but the report I made.”

“I don’t doubt you,” says the Pope.

“No cork could be dhrew with less noise,” says his Riv’rence.

“It would be hard for anything to be less nor nothing, barring algebra,” says the Pope.

“I can prove to the conthrary,” says his Riv’rence. “This glass ov whisky is less nor that tumbler ov punch, and that tumbler ov punch is nothing to this jug ov *scaltheen*.”

“Do you judge by superficial misure or by the liquid contents?” says the Pope.

"Don't stop me betwixt my premisses and my conclusion," says his Riv'rence; "*Ergo*, this glass ov whisky is less nor nothing; and for that raison I see no harm in life in adding it to the contents ov the same jug, just by way ov a frost-nail."

"Adding what's less nor nothing," says the Pope, "is subthraction according to algebra; so here goes to make the rule good," says he, filling his tumbler wid the blessed stuff, and sitting down again at the table, for the anger didn't stay two minits on him, the good-hearted ould sowl.

"Two minuses makes one plus," says his Riv'rence, as ready as you plase, "and that'll account for the increased dayrement I mane to take the liberty ov producing in the same mixed quantity," says he, follying his Holiness's epistolical example.

"By all that's good," says the Pope, "that's the best stuff I ever tasted; you call it a mixed quantity, but I say it's prime."

"Since it's ov the first ordher, then," says his Riv'rence, "we'll have the less deffeequility in reducing it to a simple equation."

"You'll have no fractions at my side, anyhow," says the Pope. "Faix, I'm afeared," says he, "it's only too aisy ov solution our sum is like to be."

"Never fear for that," says his Riv'rence, "I've a good stock ov surds here in the bottle; for I tell you it will take us a long time to extract the root ov it, at the rate we're going on."

"What makes you call the blessed quart an irrational quantity?" says the Pope.

"Because it's too much for one, and too little for two," says his Riv'rence.

"Clear it ov its coefficient, and we'll thry," says the Pope.

"Hand me over the exponent, then," says his Riv'rence.

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"The schrew, to be sure," says his Riv'rence.

"What for?" says the Pope.

"To ddraw the cork," says his Riv'rence.

"Sure the cork's ddrawn," says the Pope.

"But the sperits can't get out on account ov the accidents that's stuck in the neck ov the bottle," says his Riv'rence.

"Accident ought to be passable to sperit," says the Pope, "and that makes me suspect that the reality ov the cork's in it afther all."

"That's a barony-masia," says his Riv'rence, "and I'm not bound to answer it. But the fact is, that it's the accidents ov the sperits too that's in it, and the reality's passed out through the cortical spacies as you say; for, you may have observed, we've both been in real good sperits ever since the cork was dhrawn, and where else would the real sperits come from if they wouldn't come out ov the bottle?"

"Well, then," says the Pope, "since we've got the reality, there's no use throubling ourselves wid the accidents."

"Oh, begad," says his Riv'rence, "the accidents is very essential too; for a man may be in the best ov good sperits, as far as his immaterial part goes, and yet need the accidental qualities ov good liquor to hunt the sinsible thirst out ov him." So he dhraws the cork in earnest, and sets about brewing the other skillet ov *scallheen*; but,

faix, he had to get up the ingredients this time by the hands ov ould Molly; though devil a taste ov her little finger he'd let widin a yard ov the same decoction.

But, my dear, here's the *Freeman's Journal*, and we'll see what's the news afore we finish the residuary proceedings ov their two Holinesses.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

THE REASON WHY FATHER TOM WAS NOT MADE A CARDINAL.

HURROO, my darlings!—didn't I tell you it 'ud never do? Success to bould John Tuam and the ould siminary ov Firdramore! Oh, more power to your Grace every day you rise; 'tis you that has broken their Boord into shivers undher your feet! Sure, and isn't it a proud day for Ireland, this blessed feast ov the chair ov Saint Pether? Isn't Carlisle and Whateley smashed to pieces, and their whole college ov swaddling teachers knocked into smidhereens. John Tuam, your sowl, has tuck his pasthoral staff in his hand and beathen them out o' Connaught as fast as ever Pathrick drove the sarpints into Clew Bay. Poor ould Mat Kavanagh, if he

was alive this day, 'tis he would be the happy man. "My curse upon their g'ographies and Bibles," he used to say; "where's the use ov perplexing the poor childher wid what we don't undherstand ourselves?" no use at all, in troth, and so I said from the first myself. Well, thank God and his Grace, we'll have no more thrigonomethry nor scripther in Connaught. We'll hould our lodges every Saturday night, as we used to do, wid our chairman behind the masther's desk, and we'll hear our mass every Sunday morning wid the blessed priest standing afore the same. I wisht to goodness I hadn't parted wid my Seven Champions ov Christendom and Freney the Robber; they're books that'll be in great requist in Leithrim as soon as the pasthoral gets wind. Glory be to God! I've done wid their lechthirs —they may all go and be d——d wid their consumption and production. I'm off to Tullymactaggart before daylight in the morning, where I'll thry whether a sod or two o' turf can't consume a cartload ov heresy, and whether a weekly meeting ov the lodge can't produce a new thayory ov rints. But afore

I take my lave ov you, I may as well finish my story about poor Father Tom that I hear is coming up to whale the heretics in Adam and Eve during the Lint.

The Pope—and indeed it ill becomes a good Catholic to say anything agin him—no more would I, only that his Riv'rence was in it—but you see the fact ov it is, that the Pope was as envious as ever he could be, at seeing himself sacked right and left by Father Tom, and bate out o' the face, the way he was, on every science and subjec' that was started. So, not to be outdone altogether, he says to his Riv'rence, “You’re a man that’s fond ov the brute crayation, I hear, Misther Ma-guire?”

“I don’t deny it,” says his Riv'rence, “I’ve dogs that I’m willing to run agin any man’s, ay, or to match them agin any other dogs in the world for genteel edication and polite manners,” says he.

“I’ll hould you a pound,” says the Pope, “that I’ve a quadhruped in my possession that’s a wiser baste nor any dog in your kennel.”

“Done,” says his Riv’rence, and they staked the money.

“What can this larned quadhruped o’ yours do?” says his Riv’rence.

“It’s my mule,” says the Pope, “and, if you were to offer her goolden oats and clover off the meadows o’ Paradise, sorra taste ov aither she’d let pass her teeth till the first mass is over every Sunday or holiday in the year.”

“Well, and what ‘ud you say if I showed you a baste ov mine,” says his Riv’rence, “that, instead ov fasting till first mass is over only, fasts out the whole four-and-twenty hours ov every Wednesday and Friday in the week as reg’lar as a Christian?”

“Oh, be aisy, Masther Maguire,” says the Pope.

“You don’t b’lieve me, don’t you?” says his Riv’rence; “very well, I’ll soon show you whether or no,” and he put his knuckles in his mouth, and gev a whistle that made the Pope stop his fingers in his ears. The aycho, my dear, was hardly done playing wid the cobwebs in the cornish, when the door flies

open, and in jumps Spring. The Pope happened to be sitting next the door, betuxt him and his Riv'rence, and, may I never die, if he didn't clear him, thriple crown and all, at one spang. "God's presence be about us!" says the Pope, thinking it was an evil spirit come to fly away wid him for the lie that he had tould in regard ov his mule (for it was nothing more nor a thrick that consisted in grazing the brute's teeth): but, seeing it was only one ov the greatest beauties ov a greyhound that he'd ever laid his epistolical eyes on, he soon recovered ov his fright, and began to pat him, while Father Tom ris and went to the sideboord, where he cut a slice ov pork, a slice ov beef, a slice ov mutton, and a slice ov salmon, and put them all on a plate thegither. "Here, Spring, my man," says he, setting the plate down afore him on the hearthstone, "here's your supper for you this blessed Friday night." Not a word more he said nor what I tell you; and, you may believe it or not, but it's the blessed truth that the dog, afther jist tasting the salmon, and spitting it out again, lifted his nose

out o' the plate, and stood wid his jaws wathering, and his tail wagging, looking up in his Riv'rence's face, as much as to say, "Give me your absolution, till I hide them temptations out o' my sight."

"There's a dog that knows his duty," says his Riv'rence; "there's a baste that knows how to conduct himself aither in the parlour or the field. You think him a good dog, looking at him here; but I wisht you seen him on the side ov Slieve-an-Eirin! Be my sowl, you'd say the hill was running away from undher him. Oh I wisht you had been wid me," says he, never letting on to see the dog at all, "one day, last Lent, that I was coming from mass. Spring was near a quarther ov a mile behind me, for the childher was delaying him wid bread and butther at the chapel door; when a lump ov a hare jumped out ov the plantations ov Grouse Lodge and ran acrass the road; so I gev the whiloo, and knowing that she'd take the rise ov the hill, I made over the ditch, and up through Mullaghcashel as hard as I could pelt, still keeping her in view, but afore I had gone a perch,

Spring seen her, and away the two went like the wind, up Drumrewy, and down Clooneen, and over the river, widout his being able ons't to turn her. Well, I run on till I come to the Diffagher, and through it I went, for the wather was low and I didn't mind being wet shod, and out on the other side, where I got up on a ditch, and seen sich a coarse as I'll be bound to say was never seen afore or since. If Spring turned that hare ons't that day, he turned her fifty times, up and down, back and for'ard throughout and about. At last he run her right into the big quarryhole in Mullaghbawn, and when I went up to look for her fud, there I found him sthretched on his side, not able to stir a foot, and the hare lying about an inch afore his nose as dead as a door-nail, and divil a mark ov a tooth upon her. Eh, Spring, isn't that thrue?" says he. Jist at that minit the clock struck twelve, and, before you could say thrap-sticks, Spring had the plateful ov mate consaled. "Now," says his Riv'rence, "hand me over my pound, for I've won my bate fairly."

"You'll excuse me," says the Pope, pocket-

ing his money, "for we put the clock half an hour back, out ov compliment to your Riv'rence," says he, "and it was Sathurday morn-ing afore he came up at all."

"Well, it's no matther," says his Riv'rence, putting back his pound-note in his pocket-book, "only," says he, "it's hardly fair to expect a brute baste to be so well skilled in the science ov chronology."

In troth his Riv'rence was badly used in the same bate, for he won it clever; and, indeed, I'm afeard the shabby way he was thrated had some effect in putting it into his mind to do what he did. "Will your Holiness take a blast ov the pipe?" says he, dhrrawing out his dhudeen.

"I never smoke," says the Pope, "but I haven't the laste objection to the smell ov the tobaccay."

"Oh, you had betther take a dhray," says his Riv'rence, "it'll relish the dhrink, that 'ud be too luscious entirely, widout something to flavour it."

"I had thoughts," said the Pope, wid the laste sign ov a hiccup on him, "ov getting up a broiled bone for the same purpose."

“Well,” says his Riv’rence, “a broiled bone ‘ud do no manner ov harm at this present time; but a smoke,” says he, “‘ud flavour both the devil and the dhrink.”

“What sort o’ tobaccay is it that’s in it?” says the Pope.

“Raal nagur-head,” says his Riv’rence; “a very mild and salubrious spacies ov the philosophic weed.”

“Then, I don’t care if I do take a dhraw,” says the Pope. Then Father Tom held the coal himself till his Holiness had the pipe lit; and they sat widout saying anything worth mentioning for about five minutes.

At last the Pope says to his Riv’rence, “I dunna what gev me this plaguy hiccup,” says he. “Dhrink about,” says he—“Be-gorra,” he says, “I think I’m getting merrier nor’s good for me. Sing us a song, your Riv’rence,” says he.

Father Tom then sung him Monatagrenoge and the Bunch o’ Rushes, and he was mighty well pleased wid both, keeping time wid his hands, and joining in in the choruses, when his hiccup ‘ud let him. At last, my dear, he

opens the lower buttons ov his waistcoat, and the top one ov his waistband, and calls to Masther Anthony to lift up one ov the windys. "I dunna what's wrong wid me, at all at all," says he, "I'm mortal sick."

"I thrust," says his Riv'rence, "the pasthry that you ate at dinner hasn't disagreed wid your Holiness's stomach."

"Oh my! oh!" says the Pope, "what's this at all?" gasping for breath, and as pale as a sheet, wid a could swate bursting out over his forehead, and the palms ov his hands spread out to catch the air. "Oh my! oh my!" says he, "fetch me a basin!—Don't speake to me. Oh!—oh!—blood alive!—Oh, my head, my head, hould my head!—oh!—ubh!—I'm poisoned!—ach!"

"It was them plaguy pasthries," says his Riv'rence. "Hould his head hard," says he, "and clap a wet cloth over his timples. If you could only thry another dhray o' the pipe, your Holiness, it 'ud set you to rights in no time."

"Carry me to bed," says the Pope, "and never let me see that wild Irish priest again.

I'm poisoned by his manes—ubplsch!—ach!
—ach!—He dined wid Cardinal Wayld yes-
therday,” says he, “and he’s bribed him to
take me off. Send for a confissor,” says he,
“for my latther end’s approaching. My
head’s like to split—so it is!—Oh my! oh
my!—ubplsch!—ach!”

Well, his Riv’rence never thought it worth
his while to make him an answer; but, when
he seen how ungratefully he was used, afther
all his throuble in making the evening agree-
able to the ould man, he called Spring, and
put the but-end ov the second bottle into his
pocket, and left the house widout once wish-
ing “Good-night, an’ plaisant dhrames to
you;” and, in troth, not one o’ *them* axed him
to lave them a lock ov his hair.

That’s the story as I heard it tould; but
myself doesn’t b’lieve over one half ov it.
Howandiver, when all’s done, it’s a shame,
so it is, that he’s not a bishop this blessed
day and hour: for, next to the goiant of St.
Jarlath’s, he’s out and out the cleverest fel-
low ov the whole jing-bang.



The Press.

with such dexterity that his auditors of the humblest class can follow him, without being aware of the technical expedient of logic by which he masters the understanding. His manner is peculiar: it is not flowery, nor declamatory, but is short, somewhat abrupt, and, to use the French phrase, is *tranchant*. His countenance is adapted to his mind, and is expressive of the reasoning and controversial faculties. A quick, blue eye, a nose slightly turned up, and formed for the tossing off of an argument, a strong brow, a complexion of mountain ruddiness, and thick lips, which are better formed for rude disdain than for polished sarcasm, are his characteristics.

The Reverend Thomas Maguire was an eminently social man, without overstepping what Shakespeare calls "the limits of modesty and mirth." He was an excellent judge of horses,

keeper of the Vatican, whom—*horresco referens!*—he actually kisses before the Pope's eyes, and then argues that it was only a *decepcion visus*. The concluding Chapter recounts why Father Tom was not made a Cardinal: namely, that he persuaded his host to smoke a pipe of "nagur-head tobacco," which (and not the punch, of course) made him so unwell that he had to go to bed, leaving Father Tom master of the field, but not inviting him to renew the visit.

This scanty description of Mr. Michael Heffernan's Blackwood article can only inadequately convey an idea of the racy humor and ripe learning which make its web and woof. It has been republished several times—in England, two years ago, in the series of Tales from Blackwood, and, in Philadelphia, about the same time, by King and Baird, in type greatly too large for the small size of the page, without a regular title-page, and with some coarsely executed wood-cuts.

From Mr. John Penington, South Seventh street, we lately learnt that a beautiful edition of "Father Tom and the Pope" was speedily

in preparation. We have to acknowledge receipt of a copy, which we prize very highly, as it is having been carefully collated, and with the *editio princeps*, being, by Sherman, may be characterized as "implex munditis," in its way. The preface, on the authorship, is

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Ferguson

153, 180









